

1864.]

ROYAL

[1865.

Colosseum Theatre,

PARADISE STREET, LIVERPOOL.

SOLE PROPRIETOR Mr. T. HEATH

MR. NELSON LEE'S GUIDE

TO HIS

215th COMIC

PANTOMIME,

ENTITLED

HARLEQUIN BLACKBEARD;

OR,

DAME TROT

AND HER

COMICAL CAT.

The Songs, Duets, Trios, &c., by NELSON LEE,
the Younger.

PRODUCED ON

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 19, 1864

W. McCall, Printer, Cartwright Place, Byrom Street, Liverpool.

CHARACTERS.

Night, the Chief of Dark Spirits and King of Tyranny,
 the original Knight of the Black Mantle.....Mr W. BRITTON
 Gloem, his Prime Minister.....Mr W. PERRY
 Darkness, his Travelling Agent, uncommercial.....Mr MYERS
 Despair, from the dark arches of the Bridge of Sighs.....Mr WARFARE
 Stab-in-the-Dark, Night's Trusty Knave, Mangling done
 here.....Mr HOMETHRUST
 Nightshade, a venomous weed.....Mr SLOBURN
 Jack Truheart, a Young Fisherman, or rather a Melancholy
 Young Waterman out of Pisces, in a Cottage by the Sea
 Miss M. A. HENDERSON
 Blackbeard, a Melodramatic Pirate and Co-burg-lar, ripe for
 few deeds, he would not hesitate to cut off a parson's
 nose.....Mr J. W. LAWLER
 Lieutenant Dirks, his Screw.....Mr W. HARMER
 Landlady and Darknizen, his Crew.....Messrs SIMS and LYNE
 Flake White, not of Chalk Farm, but of the Mill on the Floor.....Mr W. HOLMES
 Grey Ruseet, owner of the Mill, and who, having seen Patty
 would like to own her, a Gripling Landlord.....Mr LEIGH
 Dame Trot, our old friend of the Nursery, though fond of
 her Cat, she has her feelings.....Mrs H. LEIGH
 Mischief, a Nimble Imp, up to trap in every conceivable way,
 as the public will have an opportunity of judging.....Master MATTHEWS
 Her Cematic Cat, an old Tom, with a deal of spirit in him
 Mr R. STODDART
 Humphrey with his Flail, a Thresher, and afterwards the
 threshed.....Mr H. ARDEN
 Grim, Gruff, Scowl, Growl, Bluster, Bragg, Bully and Ugly,
 the Pirate's Retainers, all slythe and gay, and ready to
 carry a girl away.....Messrs COOKE, TAYLOR, PRESTON, JACKSON,
 CLARK, JAMES, SEYTON, and RANSOM
 Bobby Trot, a Village Postman, and Man of Letters.....Mr H. CURTIS
 Randolph Lockyerup, a chubby Keeper of the Keys.....Mr BQUIET
 Giles Beanfield, Robin Rough, Job Hawthorn, Will Whoop-
 straw, Mat Clover, Joe Peppyhead, Tom Ploughshare,
 Jack Tarnit, and Jenn Mariboon, Jolly Little Millers
 Masters MATTHEWS, LEIGH, and ARCHER
 Patty, the Maid of the Mill, the flower of her Father's life.....Miss GRAHAM
 Dorothy Draggletail, a Slattern who sets her time by
 Humphrey's Clock.....Mr RAY
 Phoebe Buttermilk, with a Churney to her.....Mr P KOE
 Sunlight, the Fairy Queen, a foe to Night, and friend to
 Jack and Patty.....Miss MONTFORD
 Hope and Bluebell.....Miss KATE LEIGH and Miss JENNY FRANKLIN
 Daydawn and Rosetta.....The Misses MATTHEWS
 Sparkle, Glitter, Glean, Prim, Azure, Hyacinth, Rosebud,
 and Dewdrop.....By The LADIES OF THE CORPS DE BALLET

CHILDREN AT A PANTOMIME.

Now when I go to the play,
'Tis not as I went of yore,
For past is its zest away,
And I shudder and weep the more.
Yet I act like a silly calf,
Even now as in olden time,
And I laugh as the children laugh
At the Christmas Pantomime.

Ah! is't that the scene's less real?
Or that my heart harder grows,
That I can no sympathy feel
With the Tragedy Lady's woes?
But I yield to those baby bands,
Pure, spotless, and free from crime,
As they shout and clap their hands
At the Christmas Pantomime.

At the tricks of the Clown long since
I laugh'd loud—ah, who knows how!
But I'm too old and tough to wince
'E'en at red hot poker now;
But I roar 'cause the babies roar,
As I did in my infant prime,
For I feel I'm a child once more,
At the Christmas Pantomime.

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DRAFT PLOT OF THE OPENING.

THE ABODE OF KING NIGHT!

RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CASTLE

(DARKNESS VISIBLE).

'Tis night, 'tis night,
Each elf and sprite
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!

Song.....

Air.—"John Barleycorn."

The sprite Gloom is coiled up, watching Stab-i'-the dark sharpening his pike at the magic grindstone—The chief Night rises on his throne, attended by Darkness and Black Despair—He relates to his sprites the danger they are in by recent improvements, the stopping of night-houses, and bringing crimes to light—He states his intention to send to earth a fiend that will upset their harmony—He instantly calls to his aid Mischief, whom he entrusts with a talisman to convey to Blackbeard—He here causes a

MAGIC OPTICAL ILLUSION.

(Designed and introduced by Mr. T. HEATH.)

Showing the Pirate's vessel in a storm—After causing the ship to ride off in safety, the vision closes, and he sends his sprites away, giving the following orders—

To work! and with the gathering shades of night
Meet in the glen. Now take your mystic flight.

This takes us to the

COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

Here we find Jack Truheart lamenting his hard fate.

Taking the day together, on the whole,
I haven't caught a fish, upon my sole.

Solo Jack.

Air.—"Cottage by the Sea."

Everything in life doth bere me,
What to do I hardly know
Save when Patty stands before me,
Then my heart with love doth glow.
A quarter's rent is due to-morrow,
My landlord he has sent to me,
But there's not a penny, to my sorrow,
In that cottage by the sea.

Jack encounters his rival, Old Grey Russet, who, being his landlord, threatens to put him in prison if his rent is not paid to-morrow—Here the Fairy enters as a beggar, and tries his heart—Finding him sincere and true, she promises him her protection.

This carries us to the

HAUNT OF QUEEN SUNLIGHT,

AND

GRAND FAIRY CONGRESS

ON THE

BANKS OF THE SILVER LAKE.

Song **Fairy Queen.**

Air.—*"Come to me in Cherry Time."*

This is now a merry time,
 Christmas comes again,
 Brings with it a Pantomime,
 Hearts to ease of pain.
 Through each shady dell,
 O'er the highest mountain,
 In the lily bell we lurk,
 Or 'neath the rippling fountain.

Change of Air.—"Janny Jones."

The Demon to foil I'm just struck with a notion,
 And to save little Patty, the Maid of the Mill;
 She loves the young fisherman with deep devotion,
 Though her cup the fell Pirate, with bitters would fill;
 But I will protect her through every danger,
 And shield her from evil, again and again;
 To care and trouble she shall be a stranger,
 So to aid her I'll just put all matters in train.

The Queen relates to her subjects the danger sweet
 Little Patty is in from one Blackbeard, a noted Pirate, who
 has received a talisman from her enemy, Night, having
 sent Mischief, a sprite, to earth: also that old Grey
 Russet, landlord of her father, Flake White, the Miller,
 aspires to her hand, but she is resolved to favour young
 Jack Trueheart, an honest fisher lad, whom she instantly
 brings before them—He is greatly surprised at the Fairy
 Court—The Queen promises him his bride, saying,

Patty, the maid who lives at her father's mill.
 Shall be thy bride—I have said—'tis my fairy will.

Jack, delighted, darts off in search of his beloved Patty—
 Here old Dame Trot makes her appearance, attended by
 her Comical Cat, who promises to assist the Fairy Queen.

Song Dame Trot.

Air.—"The Sewing Machine."

This brings before us the

CABIN OF THE PIRATES' LOGGER.

THE PIRATE CHIEF.

To locks, bolts, and bars I bid defiance,
And on the black flag, alone place reliance.

THE CAREER OF A ROVER.

Coil up the bowsprit, let her fly along,
Haul up your slacks, and join me in a song.

Song and Chorus.

My mind's made up, I'll take a wife,
And settle down to a quiet life;
I shan't then feel so dickey,
No more on the seas I'll roam.

I feel inclined to marry,
And she dare not refuse,
For to my ship I'll carry
Her—I'll take her for a cruise.

Change of Air.—"Isabella, with the Gingham Umbrella."

But, oh! I'm in love with a fair little spinster,
And, 'tis in her arms that repose I can find;
For 'tis to my woes only she that can minister,
And her face and her form always float in my mind.
Her eyes they pierce through me, they are such a pair;
With the stars in the skies they can only compare;
It's as true as I'm a feller, and I'm no story-teller,
She's much prettier than any girl in Islington.

[Dance round.]

Change of Air.—"Billy Taylor."

I will love her if she'll let me,

But if she does me try,

I must quietly advise her

That she'd better mind her eye.

Toddy iddy ol lol, &c.

At the thought I feel quite merry,

And I long to married be,

When we get to port we'll have some sherry,

To drink the health of *Old Pat-tee*.

Toddy iddy ol lol, &c.

[Chorus and Dance.

It's now And ourselves at

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

A SCENE OF RUSTIC BEAUTY.

Mill—Real Water—Ducks on the Pond,
&c., &c.

SWEET LITTLE PATTY, THE MAID OF THE MILL.

Parody—The Sister to the Cure.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

[Trio Grey Eusset, Miller, and Patty.

Air.—"Dark Girl dressed in blue."

Grey Once more I have come over here,
Miss Patty, you to see.

Miller. Now what he says, my child, you hear

Patty. Pa! he's too old for me.

Grey. I've lot's of tin.

Miller. Most noble sir!

She tells me that she loves you true.

Grey. One kiss, my charmer, from those lips—

[She slaps his face.]

Patty. By to-morrow that'll be blue.

*Chorus—*I'm a fine girl, &c.

Patty. I hope that you will understand
For me you're far too old,
And your age cannot be balanced by
Your heavy bags of gold.

Grey. Your father's ruin now depends,
Proud maiden, but on you.

Patty. I love my Jack more every day,
Who fishes in the waters blue.

*Chorus—*Be a good girl, &c.

MEETING OF THE LOVERS.

Duet..... Jack and Patty.

Air.—"I wish I had some one to love me."

Jack. Oh, Patty, my dear, do you love me?
My own little darling do say.

Patty. I value none above thee,
I'm wretched whene'er you're away.

Jack. You'll be faithful and true then?

Patty. Oh, won't I!
For your comfort alone will I care.
Do you think that I'll hit you?

Jack. Oh, don't I!
My heart is but thine, I declare.

Change of Air.—"Nolly Black."

Patty. If you know my pa's dreadful shabbiness,
More than that, his crabbiness,
You'd pity his unhappiness.
When he's in a temper, like a tiger he'll grab in his
Paws a little girl like me.

Jack. You won't very long have to bear his vulgarity,
Put up with his barbarity,
With a parent that's a rarity;
Though it's not a very nice idea to live upon
folks' charity,
I know you'd rather be with me.

**Arrival of the enraged Parent—Mischief
and the Cat.**

SUDDEN CHANGE & BITTER CHILL

SEIZURE OF SWEET LITTLE PATTY,

Trio & Chorus..Blackbeard, Jack & Patty:

Air.—"Riding in a Railway Car."

(Christy's Minstrels.)

Jack. My brain is in a whirl,
If you take away that girl,
On my happiness you place a bar;

My blood begins to freeze,
And it isn't quite the cheese,
To take her from her own papa.

[Chorus.

Patty. Oh, he's mesmerising me;
With this child it don't agree.
Your conduct's most peculiar;
Oh, don't if you please,
I'm going, by degrees,
Away from my own papa.

[Chorus.

Blackbeard. Proud maiden, you are mine,
So don't make a shine,
My castle is not far;
If you don't do what I please,
You shall tremble on your knees,
In spite of your own papa.

[Chorus.

THE FLIGHT

Taking us to the

CAVE OF THE PIRATE.

Song.....Jack Trueheart.

Air.—"The Organ Grinder."

You see before you a smart young lad,
Who mourns both night and day,
For the loss of my lass, a pretty gal,
Who has stolen my poor heart away;

She vowed she loved me truly,
 And said we ne'er should part,
 But she's gone away with that horrid man,
 And broke this poor heart, heart, heart.

Chorus.

So I mourn for the loss of the lass I love,
 And I don't know where to find her,
 She's gone away with that horrid man,
 And left her own True Heart behind her.

THE PRISONER AND THE ESCAPE.

We now find ourselves at

OLD DAME TROT'S COTTAGE.

The Storm—The Banquet and the Cat—A Revolution
 and a

TERRIFIC COMBAT.

The Chase and Mysterious Disappearance, transporting
 us to

BLACKBEARD'S CASTLE:

Presents for the Bride—Crinoline, Wedding Cake—True
 Love—The Escape—The Stagnant Pool—The Lovers
 Caught.

Duett.....Jack and Patty.

Air.—"You should see her hair."

Jack. Oh now that we have lost ourselves, whatever shall
 we do.

Patty. A way to get out of this place, I wish I only knew

Jack. There's not a single finger-post about I do declare.

Patty. The rain is falling and I feel it is wetting all my
And oh! my lor it's wetting all my hair. [hair;
To bring a girl out such a night, is wrong I do
declare.

Jack. Oh dear, oh! unlucky wight am I,
My young woman's very wet, and I feel very dry.
[Repeat Chorus and Dance round]

Jack. But there, it's no use quarrelling, you must make
up your mind
To take the bad with the good's the best way, so
you'll find.

Patty. Well perhaps you're right, so there's my hand upon
it.

Jack. That's the way!

Patty. For every dark cloud has a silver lining, so they say

Jack. Oh! we ought to be a happy pair.

Patty. And so we will when I've a chance to dry my
dripping hair.

Jack. Oh dear, oh! when we've our liberty,
We'll dance and sing from morn till night, so happy
we will be.

APPEAPANCE OF THE FAIRY QUEEN!

OUR GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE,
THE
OPAL THRONE OF HAPPINESS
IN THE
GOLDEN HALLS OF PENDANT GEMS!

Painted entirely by **MR. A. MARCHANT**, whose scenic representations at this establishment, have for years been the theme of admiration.

The Magical Optical Illusion of the Pirate Vessel in a Storm, designed and introduced by **MR. T. HEATH**.

The Music composed, selected, and arranged by **MR. F. GEOGHEGAN**.

The Comic Scenes written and invented, specially for this establishment, by **MR. W. MATTHEWS**.

The Machinery and Wonderful Traps by **MR. T. SCHOVLIN**.

The Costumes by the **MISSES HENDERSON** and numerous Assistants.

The Properties, Masks, Tricks, &c., by **MR. S. WALKER**, and **MR. T. KELLY**.

The whole produced under the direction of **MR. T. HEATH** and **MR. F. RICHARDSON**, Stage Manager.

The Comic Scenes will embrace the popular hits of the day.

HARLEQUIN	MR. C. VINIO
COLUMBINE	MISS J. FRANKLIN
PANTALOON	MR. D. STODART
CLOWN	MR. W. MATTHEWS
POLICEMAN	MR. W. HOLMES
SPRITES	THE LITTLE WONDERS
JUVENILE PANTOMINISTS	BY THE MATTHEWS CHILDREN

Last Scene of our Eventful History.

HALLS OF SUNLIGHT !

PANTOMIMICAL TABLEAU !

Black, White, and Grey,

Come when you may.

We'd all try our hardest to please you;

The Cat and Dame Trot,

Must not be forgot,

For they promise they will never tease you.



"All's well that ends well"—*Shakspeare.*